

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Puck

PUBLISHED BY  
KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE NO 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



Puck:—"All right, old fellow. You have a right to crow on your own dunghill; but don't crow so loud as to break the peace!"



## PUCK.

No. 13 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK,  
AND AFTER APRIL 15th, 21 & 23 WARREN STREET.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One Copy one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00  
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POSTAGE FREE.

ILLUSTRATED BY.....JOS. KEPPLER.  
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN.  
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK is on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 440, Strand, Charing Cross, and at THE WILLMER & ROGERS NEWS COMPANY, 11, Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, and in Paris on file at the "Herald Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp IMPRESSED thereon. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

## REMOVAL.

PUCK is going to remove, before April 15th, to new and, of course, commodious quarters at

NOS. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

That PUCK is the greatest Wit of this or any Age is a fact so universally acknowledged that it would be affectation in us to deny it. And we don't deny it. In fact, we will fight any man who does, deny it.

But we are not satisfied with this distinction. We propose to make PUCK as much of a raconteur as he is of a humorist, and with this end in view, we have decided to substitute for the short serious tales which we have hitherto published a serial story of larger proportions. We are now enabled to announce that the proprietors of PUCK have succeeded in making arrangements with

## MR. JOHN FRASER,

Author of

"Effie: a Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;" "Fair Fragoletta;" "Scottish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of a Life;" "Legends of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney," etc., etc., etc.,

for the publication of a fascinating romance written expressly and exclusively for PUCK, and entitled:

## ARCHIE CASCOYNE:

A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

Mr. Fraser's novel, which will begin in No. 112, will traverse much of the ground made familiar to all lovers of fiction in the popular Scotch novels of Mr. William Black. The plot is one of great freshness and interest, and the scene shifts from the Scottish Hebrides to Long Island and New York. The author is so well known, both here and in the mother country, as a brilliant journalist and a keen, conscientious and thoroughly-equipped critic, that we need do no more than thus formally introduce him to secure for him, by anticipation, the interest of our readers.

## THE GEESSE TO SAVE "ROME" AGAIN.

HISTORY repeats itself. As in the old time the geese cackled about the Capitoline hill, so that Rome was saved from the proud invader, so now the Episcopal geese are cackling loudly to save "Rome," in Cincinnati, once more.

When the Devil was sick, the Devil a Saint would be;  
When the Devil got well, the devil a Saint was he.

Which is very much the position in which Messrs. Purcell & Bro., bankrupts, have placed themselves. When they were the recipients of the toil-earned savings of their congregations, they held their noses high in air; when they are called upon to account for and to pay over these deposited funds, they drop upon their marrow-bones and call for "help!" If the Catholic people, in the goodness of their generous hearts, see fit to pay the Archbishop's debts, we venture to predict that the marrow-bone business will be done away with, and there will be no more stately prelate in the land than Purcell & Bro. Not even Bishop Fitzpatrick, whom our dear brother of the *Herald* P. I. says has been prelate of Boston for the last thirty-five years; whose recent ministrations must certainly have been *spiritual*, since he died in the body more years ago than a young fellow such as we are can recall.

And we refer to the late Bishop Fitzpatrick as a prelate who didn't pick Peter's pocket to pay Paul's debts.

Like the recent Mr. + Hughes, architect of Catholic prosperity in New York, he let every tub stand upon its own bottom.

It would be well if some of the younger and more enthusiastic Roman Catholic prelates in this country would go and do likewise.

The spread and the success of the Church of Rome in this country has been wonderful. It has been accomplished with dollars, and the dollars have come from the pockets of the poor. Yet their churches and their schools, asylums, etc., are always, or almost always, burdened with debt. You can hardly attend mass at any R. C. church in this country without hearing an appeal—put forth in the way of a demand—for money.

There is not a bishop of the "Church" in this country who can truly say that his diocese is out of debt; who will not speak enthusiastically of the money sacrifices his poor are making to support the "Church;" and, in the face of all this, the faithful from Portland to San Francisco are to be drained to the very dregs to get Mr. Archbishop Purcell out of a scrape.

We think there are creditors holding mortgages on the stones, brickwork and furniture of churches, schools, colleges, convents, etc., in this country, who accepted such mortgages in lieu of cash, under the confidence that the offerings of the faithful would be devoted to the payment of the debts secured by such mortgages.

And we fancy that lawyers could be found able to discover a point of law to enjoin contributions to aid Mr. Purcell from being collected and sent to him while the debts for which the contributors were morally responsible remained unpaid.

It might be a most pettifogging business; but the pettier the fog, the quicker the sun shines through it.

So we say that the bishops who propose to drain their parishes are wrong in law and morality, and financially are geese. Geese saved old Rome, we are told; and they were honored afterwards by being called "sacred birds". But that hasn't prevented their being butchered and plucked, and drawn and quartered and gobbled up during the tides of Michaelmas, Christmas, and other fine days of the year.

So with our goosey-geese Bishops of the "Church." They may drain the pockets of their people to get Mr. Purcell out of his hobble, but how are they to care for their own liabilities? Man may work and man may give, but he can't give on forever—especially if his children are bare-footed, and the family loaf is too small for their little bellies.

PUCK says these words to the *people* of the Catholic Church, to whom he has ever been a friend, and for whom he will ever prove himself a fearless advocate.

## Puckerings.

LADIES sacques—Jilted lovers.

THE Shere Ali of editors—scissors.

A BURR in the hand's worse than two in the bush.

TWO OF A KIND.—Dr. Lambert and the Archbishop of Sin.

THE managers of the "Pan Handle Road" ought to be skillet men.

If there be one disease which Ohio medical students fully comprehend, it is disinterry.

A JEWEL.—The M. C. from the 9th Ohio District, Converse, was formerly Speaker of the Ohio Legislature.

AFTER election, the deluded voter finds that the successful candidate's promises, like Chinese lanterns, hang fire.

OUR city politics were for a long time run by Tammany on the Co-operative plan, but the present Mayor has knocked the hyphen out.

PURCELL & BROTHER mitre been simply imprudent, as they claim, but the ungodly still think they stola the money confided to their care.

CONGRESS has voted 750,000 dollars to Captain Eads, and all the fair Creole ladies stretch their arms out to him and exclaim, "Ah, Capitaine, jetty dore."

WHOE'ER would rid a blade of rust,—

Just mark the full congruity,—  
Must emory use, and slowly, 'cause  
He can't with acid do it, he.

CURIOUS, but we never saw this notice in any of our country exchanges: "Owing to press of poetry, a large number of advertisements are unavoidably crowded out, but will positively appear in our next."

LUCKILY they have no greenbacks in France. If they had, the idea of watering the currency would long ago have been suggested to some Parisian paragraphaire by the convertibility of "un dos vert" and "une verre d'eau."

An exchange proposes Ben Butler for a "Dick Dead-eye."—*Rochester Express*.

WE are that Exchange. Why not credit us? How have we wounded you? We cannot live out of the sunshine of your smile, *Rochester Express*. Brace up, old man, and tell us what is the matter!

SOME men are too fastidious.

Wallace Wilkinson, convicted of murder, having been, under the provisions of an old statute of the State of Utah, condemned to be shot, petitioned the Supreme Court to grant him the special favor of death by hanging; but that high tribunal, unwilling to establish so very inconvenient a precedent, refused to alter his sentence.

## NOTICE.

No. 9 (issue of May 7, 1877), No. 14 (issue of June 14, 1877), No. 26 (issue of September 5, 1877), No. 47 (issue of January 30, 1878), No. 53 (issue of March 13, 1878), and No. 57 (issue of April 10, 1878), of PUCK will be bought at this office, 13 N. William Street, at 25 cents per copy.

### "WHEN LOVELY WOMAN."

IT was an outrageous old curmudgeon (celibate, of course) who said: "You can't argue with a woman. She won't listen to reason, and insists on the last word."

We are so loyal to the sex that we believe the above expression of opinion to be "flat burglary," and confidently propose to chat with the Ladies of Sorosis and other organizations who band together for the political amelioration of their daughters, their grandmothers, and their sist—(you remember the quotation. It has been used before).

So far as PUCK can understand the case, being a mere male, the trouble is that Woman cannot vote. Any woman in America, barring Massachusetts, can get married if she wants to. We once had a game-eyed washerwomen who only unhitched one eye-lid at a time at you, and took alternate visual pecks at you, like some sort of an unholy bird. Yet she was married. And a mother. If she could get married any woman can.

So can Woman dress. In the dark lexicon of the dry-goods and millinery bizzes there is such a word as "Fail."

That proves that women can dress; don't it?

So can Woman eat and drink everything which the canny caterer and Simon the Cellarer can provide. Asmodeus, who is a familiar of PUCK, recently opened some roofs over Broadway restaurants, after a matinée, and we saw then and there, that Woman could, and did, eat—and drink.

But Woman can't vote.

She has no voice in the affairs of government.

That is where the female No. 2½ patent-leather pinches.

Nevertheless it seems to us that she does much more than vote, inasmuch as she controls votes; and that her "voice" in politics is the still small voice which is oftentimes more powerful than loud mouthings and rantings.

Sweet Sorosis, Sister Seusan, and ladies of the cause, would you please turn your fine eyes on Africa—pardon!—on Washington! If it is a "good day for Senators" you can see that your sisters are not without their influence in moulding legislation. While they attach the boutonniere to the Senator's coat, their gentle lips seek promises about "that little bill." Committee-room doors are besieged by the sisters of the Lobby, and the Senators have to run amuck and only escape into the half-and-half seclusion which a Committee-room grants after many wounds in the way of promises about "those little bills."

It would be funny to see how A. B. (we will call him), after many years' attendance in Congress, and much expenditure at various hostilities in green seal and canvas-backs, finds that his "little bill" fails, at the last moment, to get tacked on to the big Appropriation Bill; and then takes a hint from his friend, C. D. C. D. goes at once to a business blonde, who hath a canoodling way about her which is irresistible to Senators, and a special bill is passed, early in the session, to "relieve" C. D., whereupon the business blonde carcoles down the Avenue on her newly-purchased high-stepping thoroughbred *Cash*, by Senator, out of *Treasury*.

Doesn't that show how women can influence our legislation?—especially the financial part of it? If not, perhaps it will be well to show how lovely woman strikes for higher game than even Senators.

Who are competent witnesses?

Call Mme. Catacazy!

Call Mrs. General Belknop!

But no! It is the present we have to deal with. If, however, some of our grave and reverend Senators could only afford to take their wives to Washington, perhaps the influence

of the female Lobby would be less; so also would fade away their seal-skin sacques, and their natty Avenue equipages; and clerks in the Treasury would not be sent there as to a "cover," but would be required to work.

Mr. Lawyer Riddle recently stated that he had just settled a "case" against a Senator; had another "case" on hand of a married woman against another Senator, and had his hands, generally, so full, that he couldn't possibly take another case against another Senator.

Now, in the interest of solid, hard-pan morality, we call for the presence of the Wife in Washington. If the Senator can't afford to keep her there, increase his mileage and his pickings. It will, in the long run, be cheaper for the country.

And much more decent.

But what will Sorosis, and Sister Seusan and the rest say, if Woman is thus forced to pull her hand out of our national politics?

We tremble while we await the answer.

### BUSINESS TROUBLES.

IN the matter of the failure of Purcell Bros., Cincinnati bankers and gospelists, the senior partner, for many years one of the best known men in the community in the Archbishop trade, has issued a circular to the creditors of the firm asking their indulgence.

Mr. Purcell, senior, does not make any definite offer of so many cents on the dollar, as is generally customary in little matters of this kind; but relies on the contributions of the customers of other firms in the same line of business to make up the trifling deficit of a million dollars or so, more or less—perhaps more than less.

This seems a rather novel, and at first sight unmercantile proceeding, and strikes out a new departure in insolvency and bankruptcy matters which ought to be thoroughly discussed by the Chamber of Commerce before being generally adopted by the commercial world.

When Jay Cooke and Duncan, Sherman & Co. failed, such a practice was unknown, or the exceedingly shrewd gentlemen who ran these concerns would surely have called upon the constituents of other banking houses; such as Drexel, Morgan & Co., and Brown Brothers to help them out of their difficulties, which, of course, arose through no fault of their own. Who knows but that by these means they might have got well on their legs again?

We congratulate the old established ex-firm of Purcell Bros. on their brilliant idea, and trust that it may meet with favorable consideration from their creditors.

It is pretty rough for a man who has been engaged in one kind of business for some fifty years to have to "bust up"—but times are bad and the gospel interest, in common with others, suffers.

Mr. Purcell, senior, is not strong on grammar, even for a man of business, or he wouldn't say "food and raiment was all I received"—and although he confesses to have been born of poor parents, we should have thought that the head of so large a firm would at least have been taught to sign his name: for Mr. Purcell, senior, concludes the circular thus: "For this universal sympathy, unexpected and unmerited, I give all that I have."

his

J. B. + PURCELL.

mark.

Notwithstanding, we shall be glad to hear that Messrs. Purcell Bros. have come to a satisfactory arrangement with their creditors, so as to be enabled to start their drummers out with new lines of goods for the fall trade, that they may secure a fair share of orders.

### LOOSE!

LO! now, hearken, all men living; take heed, and be mightily afraid.

For the days are come round again when the Tramp is let loose upon the land, like unto a peripatetic pestilence and a plague that bummeth at noonday.

Huge is he of stature and strong; yea, strengthly like the Giant Goliath of Gath, or a New Jersey pole-cat.

Lively are the manners of him; even as those of a spotted Jehosophat; and vast is his cheek, so that no man knoweth the extent thereof.

At his approach the prudent housewife gathereth her children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing. And furthermore she calleth for the hired man. Wherein she hath the inside track on the hen.

But the hen cawleth under the barn. And in view of the fact that the hired man hath retired to the woods, and heareth not the demand for his services, that is where the hen hath the call on the prudent housewife.

And the necessity for a vigilance committee loometh up in the immediate future.

Yea, a great institution is the Tramp. Who shall oppose him in the retired and shady lane; and who shall compete with him in the hen-roost?

When he cometh, the regular and habitual nigger retireth from the field, and recognizeth the presence of a superior; yea, the Ethiopian pastor docketh himself of his shanghai soup, and leaveth the chicken-cop virgin to the professional wayfarer.

At his approach the book-agent and the lightning-rod man depart, as a disciple before the presence of his master, or as the lesser angels of heaven before the boss-angel Gabriel.

For he ravageth the land, and giveth points to the yellow fever.

He toils not; neither doth he spin; and yet I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

He was not.

For Solomon in all his glory was a Sheeny, yet he took it upon himself to wash him from time to time.

But this thing doth not the tramp; lest he be mistaken for a greenback politician in disguise.

He is like unto Samson in this, that he shear-eth not his locks, lest he lose the strength that is in him. Yet is he unlike Samson in this, that he hath no Delilah; but gratifieth the yearnings of his heart casually and with a club.

And now these many years hath the Tramp been as a curse and a woe unto the nation; and he hath levied tribute upon the people, and we have given him of our chickens, and our eggs, and our daughters and our wives; and some of him we have sent to Congress; and yet he is not happy.

But now bloometh out like a star on the horizon the aforementioned vigilance society, and resolveth itself into a committee of the whole, with power to investigate, and layeth aside a sinking fund for ammunition, and maketh an appropriation for hemp, and taketh cognizance of the existence of the Tramp.

### ITALY FOR VICTORIA.

QUEEN VICTORIA has taken a trip to Italy. The old lady has, we hear, patronized Cook's tourist tickets and hotel coupons—cheap, yer know. Now if she and her royal offspring would but settle there for the term of their natural lives, to enjoy the *dolce far niente*, and leave the British empire severely alone, the whole Brunswick tribe would find an occupation eminently worthy of their talents, and be about as ornamental and useful as they are when at home.



## PARIS-GREEN.

## A "POEM OF PLACES."

## I.

I NEVERS saw so Nice a maid  
In all my Tours as Nancy,  
Albi my side Vendée she strayed,  
To Havre was my fancy.

## II.

We Metz somehow—the usual way—  
Toulouse, perhaps the manner;  
But 'neath her Paris all that day  
My pleasure was to scan her.

## III.

Her Lyon filled my Brest with pain,  
She led me to my Rouen,  
Then took French leave. I went in Seine,  
Where lovers are not few in.

H. C. DODGE.

## WE WON'T.

**N**O, we won't. We won't, really.  
Mr. William Ebenezer, of the Kafoozleum *Cruller*, has written us a long letter, from which we gather the following facts:  
1st. That such a paper as the Kafoozleum *Cruller* exists.

2d.—That Mr. William Ebenezer is its editor.

3d. That Mr. Ebenezer desires to be regarded in the light of a humorist.

4th.—That, in order to effect this consummation, he has written eleven paragraphs, namely:

3 puns (one on *tract*; one on *whale*, and one on Brown—man's name.)

4 comments on other paragraphs. (Being covert puffs of the authors of said paragraphs.)

1 attack on a personal enemy of Mr. Ebenezer's.

3 mystic utterances, apparently referring to the local political system of Kafoozleum.

5th.—That Mr. Ebenezer has pasted these children of his teeming fancy on a sheet of paper, and credited them to himself, with a variegated style of nomenclature which is simply startling; and

6th.—That Mr. Ebenezer expects us to copy this little deliverance into PUCK.

We won't.

Why should we? Mr. Ebenezer addresses us familiarly as "Brother Quill," and signs himself "fraternally yours," after the touching fashion of the little boys who print "amateur" papers.

But we aren't Mr. Ebenezer's brother. We dare say he is a very worthy man; of excellent morals; a virtuous husband and a judicious father. But that does not give him a right to smoke our pipe or drink out of our glass. We claim the privilege of choosing our own brothers. And we do not feel called upon to open our arms to the first unknown Ebenezer who raises his voice in the far west to tell us that he has the strawberry-mark of journalism on his left arm.

Mr. Ebenezer, permit us to converse with you, not as a brother, but as a friend. This profession of journalism, or literature, or whatever you may please to call it, is not what it was, in this country, some forty or fifty years ago. Because we win our bread by the pen, we are not necessarily vagabonds or outcasts, or long-haired wanderers on the face of the earth. There is no need nowadays—perhaps there never was—for childish talk about "guild" and "craft" and "free-masonry." We are simply respectable men, plying a respectable trade, which differs from other trades only in giving scope for the exercise of certain intellectual

faculties which are greater in some men than in others. We are not a socialist community. There is no earthly reason why we should neglect soap and water, avoid barbers, and refuse to fulfill our decent duties to society, or to behave like other civilized men.

Now, we don't wish to interfere with you, Mr. Ebenezer. If you think it advisable to make a literary tramp of yourself, don't let us stand in your way. Be a journalistic brigand, if it so please you. But kindly count us out of the fraternity.

Oh, no, we aren't uncivil, and we aren't stuck up. We are ready to recognize all the obligations of professional courtesy and honor. But we are not going to behave like a pack of hobbledohys in a college "secret society." And we want you to understand our position in this matter.

We don't propose to let you be so infernally familiar with us. You have no business to slap our back epistolarily, and ask us how we are, old horse. We would not have it from anyone else, and we shall not from you, simply because we are both in the same line of business—a business open to anyone who can string together six sentences of alleged English.

We don't propose to turn our paper into an advertising sheet for the benefit of you and your friends, and the furtherance of your private ends and aims. Like everyone else, we live on the money of the public. We earn that money by giving the public the worth of it. Do you think this kind of thing is the worth of the public's money? Do you think we would be justified in accepting even the enormous benefit of reciprocal puffery in your own journal as an equivalent for the loss of the public's patronage and our own self-respect?

We don't propose to copy your "items" when we don't consider them good. And if we do copy them, we don't propose to credit them to "Ebenezer of Kafoozleum," or "Billy Ebenezer," or "That Awful Ebenezer." In the first place, because it is cheap and vulgar; in the second place because it is utterly idiotic. It is not safe to assume that every reader of any given paper knows who Demosthenes was. And how many, do you suppose, know of you, who are not Demosthenes, at all; but only Mr. Ebenezer—as it might be Brown or Jones—who has written comic paragraphs for a country paper for two or three years? How many do you suppose care anything about you?

We don't propose to indulge in any assumption of ultra-good-fellowship, or to make any affectation of technical cant. We don't want to hear of "screeds" or "gray-goose-quills" or "knights of the scissors." We had rather not call a pencil a "stylus," thank you. Our editorial office is an office, and not a "sanctum;" and you have not a standing invitation to drop in there whenever you come to New York, and annoy us while we are working.

The whole idea of this seems so simple and natural that it is strange it should require explanation. It is perfectly possible for newspaper men to be honest in the expression of their opinions and ambitious of fame in their profession, without setting themselves apart from the rest of mankind. It is possible for men of a trade to show a kindly and generous spirit toward each other, without seeking to gratify their personal vanities at the expense of duty and dignity. It is possible for a set of men to regard and respect each other without slobbering over "the boys" or "the fellows." In fact, it is possible to be a newspaper man without being an affected and irresponsible ass.

Therefore it is that we acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of a communication from Mr. William Ebenezer, of Kafoozleum, and in reply to his requests, beg leave to say, politely, but decidedly, that

WE WON'T.

## BANGORIAD.

## A TRAVELER'S LAMENT.

**T**HE east wind howls, the snow falls fast.  
There's ice on every window-pane, In  
hopeless gloom my lot is cast, For I'm  
shut up in Bangor, Maine. On Pullman's  
couch I rest too well; I slept in joy—I woke in  
pain. "Where are we, porter, prithee tell?"  
"We're in the car-shed, Bangor, Maine." A  
distant whistle greets my ear, A horrid thought  
darts through my brain, I ask in accents choked  
with fear, "When starts the train from Bangor,  
Maine—St. John's, New Brunswick, train, I  
mean?" For his reply my neck I crane: "At  
seven-twenty, sir, I ween, It leaves the depot,  
Bangor, Maine." 'Tis seven:ten, my watch de-  
clares. In minutes five my clothes I gain, I tumb-  
le down the snowed-up stairs, And reach the  
platform, Bangor, Maine. An empty track my  
vision greets. "Where are the cars?" I ask  
again. My frenzied ear this answer meets:  
"'Bout two miles out o' Bangor, Maine!"  
"Why, there's five minutes yet!—here, see." I  
show my watch to him in vain. "That's Bawst'n  
time, I guess," says he; "We're faster here in  
Bangor, Maine." Oh, Morpheus! pretty trick  
you've served me, 'Tis very clear I've missed  
the train, And all your sleep has hardly nerved  
me to spend the day in Bangor, Maine.  
Tho' "big big D's" I never use, From swear-  
ing who could well abstain? There's pre-  
cious little to amuse—I know it well—in Ban-  
gor, Maine. The snow has drifted 'round  
my feet, I stand and stare as one insane, I  
long that cursed nig to beat Who woke me  
not in Bangor, Maine. He stands and grins,  
nor cares a jot, Whilst I pour forth the words  
profane; He knows to spend he hasn't got A  
day and night in Bangor, Maine. Still falls the  
snow, Still howls the wind, And ne'er a hack  
can I obtain To take me to that hostel kind,  
"The Bangor House," in Bangor, Maine. Sans  
over-shoes, thro' snow that chills, Alone I trudge  
it up the lane And reach—tho' that no joy in-  
stills—"The Bangor House," in Bangor, Maine.  
In shivering tones, "Some brandy hot," I beg the  
clerk, but beg in vain: "You ought to know  
that drink is not Allowed by law in Bangor,  
Maine." Crestfallen, from the desk I go. To  
break my fast I now would fain. The dingy  
dining-room they show. They'll let you eat in  
Bangor, Maine. The bill-of-fare I gently scan,  
Then seek a waiter who will deign To fetch the  
modest meal I plan To breakfast on in Bangor,  
Maine. The bread's moist dough, the coffee's  
slops, The beefsteak racks my jaws in twain,  
The butter's rancid and the chops Not fit to  
eat, in Bangor, Maine. The man suggests some  
"poark and beans." I'd like to kick him for  
his pain. "I'd take some fast enough," he  
weens, "If I'd been born in Bangor, Maine." I  
pass a room in going out Where boots are  
shown. I can't refrain From thinking this ex-  
plains about Where they get steaks in Bangor,  
Maine. I envy, tho', that drummer's lot Who  
to sell shoes does not disdain, For he's some  
occupation got, And I have none in Bangor,  
Maine. The snow still falls both thick and  
fast, I can't get out to see the plain: Within  
my room a prisoner fast, I have to stick in  
Bangor, Maine. Should this go on all day and  
night, Drift up the track and stop the train,  
The thought comes o'er me like a blight—I'd  
be snowed up in Bangor, Maine. Kind Heaven  
protect me from that lot! Oh! turn the snow  
to melting rain Or scorching simoons—let me  
not be forced to stay in Bangor, Maine. I'll  
eat the steak and bread—or fast, Of nothing  
further I'll complain; But let! Oh, let me see  
the last, To-morrow morn, of Bangor, Maine.

CEDIPUS.





## A POETICAL GRIEVANCE.

I WOULD, my darling, sing thy praise,  
(Though I can hardly find the time to,  
And names like yours, while all craze,  
Are very difficult to rhyme to.)

But I have come an age too late,  
And older bards, with names historic,  
Have used up all the similes, Kate,  
With every figure metaphoric.

I dare not say your lips are red  
As cherries, or new-budding roses;  
Or praise sunshine on your head,  
Or say how Grecian your nose is;

Or hint of peaches when this lip  
Makes flush your dimpled cheek so tender;  
Or talk of lilies when I slip  
My arm around your waist so slender;

Or say your eyes are azure-blue,  
As yon clear heaven bending o'er us;  
Or—any other thing, though true,  
Which other pens have writ before us.

Yet is your bonny face's flush,  
More delicate than any peach's,  
And ne'er was waist so gimp—don't blush!  
As this round which my fond arm reaches.

And sure your eyes are heavenly blue,  
And red your lip as any rose is,  
And 'tis ridiculously true,  
Most strictly Grecian your nose is;

And so of all the rest—the rose,  
The lily, and the sunshine golden,  
Have been applied to—goodness knows!  
How many girls from ages olden.

Yet shall I still the same retell,  
And prove in love I'm no beginner,  
Ah, darling!—hang it! there's the bell—  
Excuse me, dear, till after dinner.

JOHN FRASER.

## THE SOUTHERN COCK.

(See First Page Cartoon.)

**A**—MANY years ago, when the North was very weak-kneed, the Southern cock did crow in a way that became quite hackneyed. It crowded to such a degree that members of either House of Congress who hailed from the North hardly dared to raise their voices in behalf of their own opinions.

But by degrees the Northern men felt the courage of their convictions, and then the crow from south of Mason and Dixon's line, became a screech—the Southern cock seceded and crowed on his own separate dunghill, with what success history has informed us.

And after many years the Southern cock, like a very ill-favored dung-hill bantam, flopped its mangy way back to the Capital it could not capture, and piteously sought such crumbs and pickings as a generous North would grant.

So long as there was a foe to meet it, this disreputable looking bird of the dung-hill, crawled, it we may use the word, with drooping tail and moulting wings, humbly around the feet of Senators and Members.

But the politics of the country suffered a sort of sea-change; here and there, in spots, constituencies returned Democratic majorities, and the Democratic party found itself in absolute control of both House and Senate.

Then the Southern cock plumed its feathers, flapped its wings, and uttered a long crow sounding like the "ping" of the revolver vibrating against the "thud" of the old time Bowie—in short, a kind of consecutive fifths of coming discord.

"A Southern man *must* be elected speaker," crowed this cock. "The Capital is ours!" crowed the journalistic cocks in the South, in unison. "The government is in our own!" shrieked the caucus chantecler, in three shrieks and a flip-flap.

But these crowings were very much like other "blowings"—only air. The eagle of the North quietly watched the resurrected roosters, and put his claw upon them.

So, to drop a rather mixed metaphor, the parties who lately forced the Nation into being a Nation of gravediggers are not to control the government just at present. A Southerner is *not* speaker. The South has *not* captured the Capital any more than it did during some four years of armed effort.

The people who sacrificed their lives to preserve, intact, this country, left a heritage which their heirs will not forget. Democrats and Republicans, their bones lie side by side. The survivors of both parties may squabble and fight their political battles—but the reins of government shall ever be held by loyal hands.

And we are sure that the thousands of Puck's readers in the South will heartily agree with us.

It is the professional politician who has created all this disturbance. Not the law-abiding people. These are somewhat serious words for us to say, but in memory of some half-million graves or more, which were filled on account of just such crowing, it is time to be serious. So if the Southern cock *must* crow, let him crow on his own Southern dung-hill. Not around the National Capital.

## TALMAGE ON HASTY TRIALS.

IN Mr. Talmage's sermon of Sunday week, he referred in the following terms to the rather rough treatment and summary trial of a party whose name may not be altogether unfamiliar to some of our readers:

"But Christ's friends were sober men and respectable men, and they were at home and asleep! At that hour (2 o'clock in the morning) amidst this huge crowd of midnight ruffians, Christ was to be tried. Oh, what a scene! I hold the lantern up so that the light falls on the face of the best friend the world ever had. While I am examining the features of his beneficent countenance, the sheriff comes up and smites him in the mouth, until I see the blood spurting from his calm lips and from his nostril! Oh, what a scene. My soul, what a scene. The whole trial a farce, lasting perhaps for one hour. Then the Judge rises to give sentence. Speak, Judge. It is against the law of man to give sentence unless there has been at least one adjournment between condemnation and sentence. 'Oh,' says the Judge, 'it is no matter to me; this man has no friends, and he must die.' All the ruffians outside the railing say, 'That is true; hand him over to us.'"

We dote on justice, and, while we would not for a single instant, in this nineteenth century, recommend the Brooklyn Presbytery to take the case of the unfortunate individual alluded to as a precedent in disposing of that of the reverend gentleman, still we think that there is not as much resemblance between the two cases as might appear at first sight. Mr. Talmage, it is true, talked a great deal more than the other party and to less purpose, drew a bigger salary and stayed out later nights than the Jerusalem accused; but, on the other hand, Talmage hadn't such powerful friends, who could have sent the whole crowd up in a balloon in rather less than no time. And if any reliance is to be placed on history, the person for whom Mr. Talmage has such deep sympathy could, if he so desired, have very speedily disposed of his persecutors without even calling on any of his influential acquaintances or business associates for any kind of assistance.

If this be true, we cannot help thinking that it was in questionable taste to permit himself to be treated so scurvily when he knew he was fooling all the time.

Mr. Talmage, with all his faults, has never claimed to possess such power, and we trust, that his reverend judges will take this fact into consideration in mitigation of his sentence, and that, in any case, the capital penalty will not be inflicted.

## HAIRIDITY.

A LECTURE BY REV. JO. KOOK.

DELUDE ON CURRANT EVENTS.

**T**HE first currant event of the year is, of course, the fruit cake, which is offered to New Year's callers. You had better let those currants pass by. Through the winter months the currant events are chiefly mince-pies. As summer comes in the bushes become green, and soon the currant event is the fruit itself. Evidently the currant is of German origin, for its colors are invariably red, white and black. In December the currant event is plum-pudding. Any one who has not found raisins or currants in his plum-pudding must be a duff-er. Thus it will be seen that currant events are generally confined to the winter and summer seasons, but there is no part of the year when a man may not be short of curranty.

LECTURE.

Semprorius, in his delightful account of the manners of his day, states, probably with exact truthfulness, that in boarding-houses it was difficult to find bald-headed butter. You must all remember how Tacitus says, "No butter should be counted hairless until it has been devoured." Hibernicus, writing from Ireland to Rome, in the third century, says, with his admirable naiveté, "In traveling here, I almost invariably find that the hair in the butter is red." To-day all that history is repeating itself. [Applause.]

Hair has played something of a part in the great human drama. If Esau had not been hairy, he might have received more shekels and less pottage. Absalom was long in hair, and he was hung up by it. Samson, by sacrificing his locks, succeeded in getting himself locked up. Pope made himself famous by the "Rape of the Lock."

Hairy people are usually supposed to be strong, but your logic is astray, if you argue that because your olfactory organ tells you a colored individual is strong therefore he is hairy. Potiphar, in his celebrated "Papers," states that the strongest men in Egypt in his day were like the monkeys, in that they had hair all over their bodies.

One does not mind reaching the condition in which he is compelled to part his hair with a towel, if that condition does not come while one is still young. Unfortunately, if you sit in the gallery of a church or theatre, you can observe innumerable shiny polls (belonging to young men) of which the foreheads run back to the neck. The only explanation I have ever heard of this peculiarity is, that in childhood the wrong kind of food was given to the young men; they were brought up too exclusively on pastry; the baldness is said to result from early pie-ty. [Applause.]

The color of the hair is said to come from a pigment. The young man who went crazy over a girl on account of her golden tresses meant to love a woman, but he loved a pigment. The truth is, the color of the hair is generally of no moment. Of course, if a golden-haired wife presents her red-headed husband with a black-haired child, the husband may wonder what it means, but natural curiosities are not uncommon. As a rule, however, the color of the hair is inhairited.

Hairidity is a subject which cannot, by any means, be developed to the profoundest depths of its hidden and mysterious suggestions of anatomical conglomerations and pigmentical analyses, without there be thrown upon it some faint glimmering effulgence from an illumination, that owes its originating cause to those mystical relations borne to each other and to the universe by the elementary constituents, that, brought together, form what we denominate electricity. [Applause.]



## THE OLD STORY.

HE courted her for sixteen weeks,  
But made no sign;  
Yet humored all her little freaks  
With smiles benign.

The neighbors said it was a match,  
And that Clarissa's latest "catch"  
Was so well hooked, no girl could snatch  
Him off the line.

Another sixteen weeks went by—  
(Now this is square)  
He never for a kiss would try—  
'Till, in despair,  
She (at a lecture on "John Huss"),  
In softest accents, said: "Dear Gus,  
When this is through, let's take a 'bus."  
She had him there.

They left the hall, and (as they walked)  
Within a trice,  
He in a frozen gutter stalked  
And broke—the ice.  
Her tongue ran glibly, and he felt  
His bashfulness so quickly melt,  
He quite forgot his dampened welt—  
This was so nice!

but your vivid imag-  
inings and subliminal associations with the gentler sex,  
my masculine friend, must space out the inevitable se-  
quel.  
ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

PUCK'S  
HISTORY OF OIRELAND.

(Compiled from the Posthumous Notes of the late Professor  
DENNIS MCBALLYWHACK, OF MAYNOOTH.)

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE OIRISH AS FOIGHTERS—THE SHINDY—  
B. BORU, ETC.—THE INVASION—PECULIAR  
TACTICS OF THE OIRISH—PROMISE OF MORE  
ANON.

The Oirish are naturally a foighting race.  
This fact has heretofore been alluded to in this  
History.

So the Oirish organized under their famous  
leaders, Brian Boru, and Brian Boroihme, and  
B. Gorra, and B. Dad, and they met on the  
battlefield which has since been canonized in  
history as "Shindy."

Years afterwards Thermop. was held; the  
elevated bridge of Lodi was passed; Waterloo  
was one two much for France; and Appomattox  
was Granted to the United States.

But these fights were not Shindies.

The Oirish invented the Shindy, and they  
have had a sort of right of "eminent domain"  
over it ever since.

This is a claim of which no other nation can  
rob the Celt.

As the Jim of the Say was not bekownst to  
other insignificant portions of the world at this  
period, the foighting Oirish had no foreign  
enemies to encounter; so they whacked away  
at each other and thoroughly inaugurated the  
Shindy as an Oirish institution.

But then flashed forth the Electric Lamp,  
invented by that celebrated Oirishman Dr.  
Timothy O'Edison, who thus showed up green  
Erin to the world, which immediately deter-  
mined to capture this sweetest spot on earth.

Armies were organized in England, Kala-  
mazoo, New Jersey, and by other hereditary  
Sassenach enemies of the Oirish people, who  
landed upon Carlisle Bridge, in Dublin, after a  
tempetuous voyage in Hunter's Point ferry-  
boats, and marched up Sackville street. They  
were met by an excited populace, mostly men  
and women—especially women. The terrible  
Oirish cry arose, "Car y'r 'onor?" "Carr, y'rrr  
ääahn'r?" "Kyarr, yer honor?" "Carry yez to  
the Strawberry Beds, sor?" "Take yez to  
Clontarf, Ginerall?"

And then the heart-snatching wail of the  
women arose: "A penny, me darlin'." "Sure  
it's a purty face ye have; I'd like to be yer wife;  
gimme a penny, me beauty!" "Wud yez see a

poor crachure chokin' for want of a sup of  
poteen whin yer pockets is chinkin' wid coin!"

In spite of this terrible and forcible resistance,  
the proud invaders marshalled their forces. But  
the Oirish were too much for them. They re-  
membered that



He who fights and runs away at the same time, begorra,  
Is able to come up and fight again to-morra.

The valiant Oirish might be supposed, under  
ordinary rules of warfare, to have been defeated,  
as, apparently, they ran away. But the Oirish  
idea is to fight and run away at the same time.  
So really they were victorious. This is easily  
proved by the fact that most of their enemies  
left for Dover, Hoboken, and elsewhere, leav-  
ing the captured in the lands of the Oirish.  
The captives were mostly English and were  
compelled to occupy some of the finest and  
best-paying estates on the island. Centuries  
have passed, but the descendants of these cap-  
tives still miserably confine themselves to col-  
lecting the coin from the rents of these estates.

B. Boru, B. Gorra, B. Daddy, and the other  
generals of the Milesian army (*Miles*, a soldier,  
see?) commenced to drill their men in a great  
movement: "Deploy columns! Scatter yer-  
selves, skirmishers! Every man to surround a

regiment in wan time an' two motions! G'wan,  
now!" (But why should we be cruel enough to  
describe these tactics now when it might pre-  
vent Mr. James Stephens, High Old Oirish  
Centre, from gobbling up the whole British  
Empire? For once we will dissemble.)

Another fancy in the way of fancy tactics  
was suggested by 3d A.A.A. Corporal McCono-  
logue, who invented that style of warfare which  
has ever since dubbed the Oirish by the name of



THE GREEK.

Notice the toga! By simply mounting a  
ladder, on an incomplete building, a healthy  
Oirishman, by merely relaxing the muscles of  
his wrist, can pour missiles upon the heads of  
his enemies to a degree that would make a  
Gatling gun blush.

We now proceed to give the full history of  
Gen. D. W. C. Malachi, who won a collar of  
gold, and we shall print, in pure Oirish, a  
beautiful poem composed in his honor by a  
young lady of Oshkosh, County Cork.

E. S. L.

(To be continued.)

## CLEARLY AN IMPERTINENCE.



SELF-POSSESSED TRAMP:—"Will any gentleman —"

BROWN, (to intending Almsgiver):—"Don't you give him anything—he's been here  
before to-day."

S.-P. T. (leftily):—"Will you have the kindness not to meddle with my business  
affairs."









## THE LATE WALKING MATCH AT GILMORE'S GARDEN.



As the public took no interest in the higher aspects of the walking match, our artist has given only the essential portion of the show.

## FORTUNE AND THE ROSEBUD.

ANOTHER SENTIMENTALISM FROM OUR SENTIMENTAL MAN.

ONCE I found a rosebud lying,  
(Fortune is not always just,)  
On a lonely highway, dying—  
Ah! poor rosebud in the dust.  
As I plucked it, sadly sighing,  
"Fortune thou art never just!"  
Came a maiden to me, crying,  
"That's my rosebud in the dust."  
Now, 'tis strange, I'm ever saying,  
"Fortune, friends, is always just."  
Rosy lips with mine are praying,  
"Bless that rosebud in the dust."

JAS. R. CAMPBELL.

## THE THEATRES.

"Whims," at the FIFTH AVENUE, will not do at all. We regret that it is our painful duty to record a failure at this popular house. "Thro' the Dark" was uninteresting enough, but it was at any rate coherent. "Whims" does not even possess this merit. It is a wild, stale, unprofitable series of gymnastics, with a conspicuous lack of anything in the shape of contemporaneous human interest. The characters moon about the stage and discuss the most ordinary topics in an uninteresting manner, and with an infirmity of purpose that is surprising. The play seems to be written for no other purpose than to show how a middle aged female lunatic may ultimately succeed in inflicting a seven-act heroic tragedy on unwilling listeners.

"The Banker's Daughter" continues to draw goodly audiences nightly. And although Mr. Cazauran's play, "Lost Children,"—"les Enfants Perdus" (which means in English "A Forlorn Hope"—absit omen!) is announced for Easter Monday, there seems a rather slim chance of its coming off this season at any rate.

The LYCEUM, after the proper amount of ploughing and harrowing, is prepared for its new crop of Oates—Alice is her foremost name. She will sow that she may reap a bounteous harvest, which its name is the "Little Duke."

"The Little Duke," at BOOTH'S is much more than holding its own. We like it better every time we see it—impugn our judgment whoso list—for the music is good, the mounting is good, and the acting is good, and what more could we desire. The Little Duchess Baudet is—well we don't wish to spoil the pretty creature by too much praise, be it never so well deserved.

Aimée, under the auspices of Maurice Grau, is going very shortly to give us something new and striking. All New Yorkers will remember Juteau, who is by long odds the best man our Gallic opera bouffiste ever had in her company, and he isn't going to appear in the troupe. Oh, dear no! not by no manner of means.

## DIX THE DARLING.

We observe with pain that some of our daily contemporaries have been casting contumely on the Reverend Morgan Dix on account of his alleged yearning to introduce the service of auricular confession into the rubric of Trinity Church.

And we wish it to be understood hereby that we take up arms in behalf of the Reverend Morgan Dix.

We respect, esteem, venerate Mr. Morgan Dix, for he is a great and good man. He is the neatest thing in nice clergymen which this country has yet produced.

We recognize, of course, the obvious fact—we make it a rule to recognize obvious facts—that the Established Church of England is an institution vastly superior to the Unestablished Episcopal Church of the United States.

The Episcopal Church of America has undoubtedly an excellent social standing; it is undoubtedly the correct card in every way; but it lacks Authority.

It has very pretty little Diocesan conventions; very "eligible" bishops and other dignitaries; very sweet things in curates; but the whole kit and boiling of them have not the authority of the poor little vicar of Ditchley-cum-Dikes, Norfolk, England.

Therefore it is quite a feather in the American cap when New York manages to raise a rector who is quite as pretty an article in his way as anything England can produce in the awfully awful line.

We regard the Reverend Morgan Dix as quite the choicest product of native ecclesiasticism. His general make-up—familiar to every New Yorker—is a most delicious cross between nineteenth century nattiness and mediæval Pre-Raphaelitism.

He is, clerically speaking, a darling.

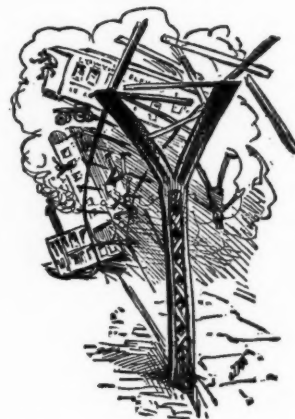
And he shall have his dear little confessional, if he wants it. He shall have a nice little box, with a pretty little latticed window on both sides, and he shall hear the dear little peccadilloes of the sweet little devotees who flock to him for the absolution and remission of their sins. Yes he shall!

And if he wants to carry out the whole business of Roman Catholic dilletante-ism to its awfully awful end, so he shall. He shall have all the nice little wax candles he wants; and he shall fast as frequently as is consistent with his dear little dyspepsia; and he shall have a nice little crewel scourge, worked by the ladies of his congregation; and he shall spank his clean little white back with it, so he should.

And it's a shocking pity he hasn't, in this barbarous country, a horrid Lord Penzance to make a little martyr of him; and put a halo of suffering around his shapely cranium.

We want it to be understood that we are taking care of the Reverend Morgan Dix. Whoever undertakes to hurt his dear little feelings will find in PUCK an implacable enemy to the awfully awful end.

## WHY?



Why did not the N. Y. L. Road lock the stable-door before the steed was stolen?  
Why does it not charge 5 cents throughout the day?  
Why does it not warm its cheap and uncomfortable cars in cold weather?  
Why does it employ ruffianly brakemen and conductors, who maltreat men and insult women obliged to travel over the road?  
Why does it do its best in every possible way to make itself the most unpopular of all unpopular monopolies?

## A PICTORIAL PUNSTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 29th, 1879.

Editor of PUCK—Sir:

WHEN a man with a Yarmouth, whose Maine occupation is that of a Gardiner, and who Knox off work to see what Fayette, then begins to Rome around, digs a Hallowell and takes a Bath, Harpswell on his Amity and Leeds Biddeford astray, ties the Belfast and goes into the Cherryfield to Turner Somerset—don't we all exclaim Waterville any?

He ought to have a Canaan. Minot right?  
Yours, MAINE-IAC.

## A FAWCETT RHYME.

There was a young man from Galway,  
Who loafed in a hotel hall-way;  
When asked, "Do you drink?"  
He replied, with a wink,  
"Very frequently, if not alway."

I. DIOT.

IN STREET-CAR. Lady in shabby dress to animated tailor's model standing in front of her: "Will you please ring the bell, sir?"

"Pawdon, madam, I'm not the conductaw—ah."

"Indeed? What are you?"

He gives it up.

THE smile that overspreads the face of a fond father when he is informed that his first-born has got a tooth, is only another phase of the pleasurable emotions that bid fair to suffocate him when he picks up his hat from under his seat at the theatre, and finds that the brute who sat behind him has mistaken it for a cuspidor.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She mixed these children up.

STEFOVICH.—Your humor is too decidedly Russian. You cut your jokes too much on the Gortshakoff bias. Rub a dash of the Slavonic into your genius, and work gradually eastward to a respectable U. S. standard.



## BLOOD AND THUNDER.

(Richard Dowling in *Belgravia*.)

(Continued.)

ON that evening he returned sooner than usual, and made exceptional efforts to be soothing and interesting. When eleven o'clock came he said to her, "I am in to-night, and it's quite time you were in bed. Go."

She took a candle up. He went to her and put his right arm round her and kissed her. "Helen, I hope you will sleep well to-night: no more sobbing. There is nothing to be afraid of: you may be quite sure of that. We must have your sister as soon as ever she can come to keep you company. Do you know you sobbed so loud in your sleep last night that I heard you down here quite distinctly. Do I speak now often in my sleep as I used long ago?"

"Not often."

"But when I do I make long speeches, as if I was at a meeting, like I used always?"

"Oh, no! not so long as that."

"I know, not so long; but as sensible, as well put together? I mean with sense, you know?"

"Yes: quite sensible."

"Well, good-night now. Go to sleep soon; and mind, no fretting to-night."

She went to bed, but her sleep was light and broken. She woke, and while she lay awake one o'clock struck. He had not come up yet. She dozed again. Once more she woke. Still he had not come up. She lay a long while fearing, trembling. Four o'clock struck. Four o'clock, and he not come up yet! There must be something wrong.

Pale and half sick with dread, she got up, lighted a candle, threw a shawl round her, opened the door and descended the stairs.

All was still in the house, but from the sitting-room where she had left her husband, came the low murmur of a human voice—the voice of her husband.

She stooped down and looked in at the keyhole. The light was out. She put her ear to the keyhole. Yes—the slow speech, the thick articulation, the end of sentences in disorder. He was speaking in his sleep.

She became alarmed. Why had he gone to sleep there? Why had he not come up to bed?

She turned the handle and entered the room. Shading the light with her hand she advanced. All in the room was as she had left it, except that a chair had been turned feet up on the hearth rug, and a pillow taken from the easy chair and placed upon the slanting back of the chair. With his head on this pillow, and his body covered with a traveling rug, lay Michael Grame asleep, and speaking softly in his sleep.

The woman held the candle high aloft, but on one side, so that the light might not fall upon the face of her husband. He lay on his back; he had removed his spectacles, and his thin worn face looked all the more cadaverous for the loss of the motley glasses. His brows were knit, his cheeks pinched, and his lips drawn closely across his teeth.

For a moment he remains silent. Then, with a slight tremor and a painful twitch of all the features, the lips come together, and he begins speaking again with a thick tongue.

She can hear every word. The words have a terrible effect on her. She bends forward, thrusts the candle as far as she can behind her, and remains fixed as the sculpture on a tomb.

Gradually as she listens her mouth opens, her teeth protrude, her eyebrows creep up her forehead, her eyes become fixed and staring. She seems transfixed by terror.

He ceases to speak. His mouth closes, a

smile of triumph comes over his face. She knows his habits. He will fall into a profound and quiet sleep now. She straightens herself slowly and as though her joints were half frozen, blows out the candle, crawls out of the room, shutting the door softly after her, and steals silently up-stairs and into bed.

She covers up her head. She feels she must speak or die. "Have mercy on my husband," she prays, "have mercy on my husband, and have pity on me and—my child!"

It is daylight before she uncovers her head. She looks around cautiously, and then fearfully covers up her head again. He has not come up yet. She shivers and moans softly, but does not weep, utters no word. She has not slept since; she does not sleep now. At seven o'clock she hears a foot on the stairs, the handle of the door turns, and she knows he is in the room. She affects to be asleep. He looks at the bed, sees that her head is covered, and seems disturbed at this. He approaches and turns down the counterpane. She affects to awake, and looks up. He regards her with doubt and disturbance.

"You dressed very quietly, Michael," she says, trying to force a smile. "I did not hear you dressing."

"How long have you been awake?"—apparently taking little interest in the question, so little interest that he does not seem to care whether she answers or not. Then he notices that his pillow is untossed, his night-shirt still folded. For a moment he is in a rage that he did not steal up while she slept and rumple the pillow and unfold the shirt, so that it might seem to her he had come to bed late, while she was sleeping, and had risen early, before she was awake. In another moment he thinks, "She cannot but have noticed the pillow. She is looking at it now. Why does she make no remark?"

Suddenly a thought breaks in upon him, and he seems rooted to the spot. Why did she look so scared? The night before he had heard her sobbing in her bed while he was in the room down-stairs. Could he have spoken in his sleep last night, she heard him, come down and listened, as he had gone up and listened?

"Helen," he says, without moving a limb, "do you know where I slept last night?"

"Oh, Michael."

"Answer me, woman—answer me, do you hear?"

"Yes, Michael."

"You came down and heard me speak, and are afraid?"

"Michael, for the sake of me and your unborn child—"

"Stop, don't stir till I come back. Do you hear me, woman?"

He leaves the room. With lips still parted, as when his words had broken in upon her piteous appeal, she lies breathing heavily, her eyes staring and fixed, and seemingly kept open by no other force than a wild final curiosity to see the means by which they are to be closed up for ever.

She does not speak with her lips, but the voice of her dread is loud in her ears. "When he comes back he will kill—us."

She lies awhile breathing heavily. At length she hears his tread upon the stairs. She does not think of praying; she will think only of him just now, until the fatal blow is struck. Then she will close her eyes on him and the world, and, taking the spirit of the child by the hand, set out for the gardens of eternal summer, where she shall see her own playing with the others in the shade; there, in the eternal groves, to guard their child, to pass away the period of her widowhood, until in after ages he comes to her and tells his sorrow, and asks her pardon for this blow.

He is at her bedside once more. She does not move her eyes. She knows what is coming, and all her curiosity is gone.

"Helen,"—his voice is very grave and solemn—"give me your right hand:" she does so, and he places it on something cold and smooth. He continues, "Your hand is now on the Book. Swear to me that, no matter what you heard last night—I do not want you to tell me what it was, but swear to me with your hand on the Book that to living being you will never breathe what you heard. Swear that. If you don't swear and keep your oath you will ruin the great object of my life."

"But murder will come of what you spoke last night, and they will hang you. Hang my Michael, and now."

"Swear, I say, woman, and swear at once. I can stay no longer. I have business away from this. Swear, I say."

"I swear."

"Kiss the Book. That will do. Now I must go. Remember: not a word. Your sister, Jane Ilford, will be here to-morrow. I shall be late to-night. Remember your oath, Helen Grame." And he is gone.

When she is alone, she lies half stunned. He has not struck that blow, and yet she feels half dead already. She would have preferred the blow, the complete oblivion, and then the watching of the child in the garden of eternal summers until he came once more with sorrow and with love.

This day was Thursday, the eleventh of October, 1877. It was a very busy day indeed with Michael Grame. As he had said in his speech addressed to vacancy, but spoken in the presence of his wife, they had all now come into his view, and were prepared to act upon his advice in his master-stroke against capital. He had for months been elaborately preparing for the great event, an event which would form an era in the history of labor writhing under the tyranny of capital. No such terrible lesson had ever been dealt to insolent employers, unprincipled masters, as he had prepared for them. When his blow fell it would not fall upon one trade, one branch of industry alone, but, like an Egyptian plague, upon millions of people. So splendid and complete a scheme had never in the history of man been designed or executed. It was a double-edged sword; it would wound the employers and the public at the one blow. It would not only show the employers that they depend solely upon the honest sons of toil, but prove to the selfish public that the workingmen command the situation, and can mar or make the whole community by one concerted act.

All the great efforts of labor against capital had up to this been piecemeal and non-apparent to the consumer. Labor had paltered with capital. Why should this be? Why should not labor act for one week as though capital did not exist? That would show the world—the world not of legislators and political economists and employers, but the whole world, from the prince to the crossing-sweeper—that all the business of the human race, all that was really vital to the existence of the people and the glory of the State, depended not upon this man or that man, this clique or that clique, but upon the workingman, upon labor.

(To be continued.)

A LARGE eye is said to indicate capacity. A black eye indicates that the possessor was a poor judge of muscle when he told a man that he lied.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

THERE is one advantage in visiting Victor Hugo, friend, when you go abroad. He never returns a visit, and there is no danger of him scratching the mantelpiece by sticking up a pair of No. 9 boots.—*N. Y. Express*.

## Capt. M'Gregor takes a Russian Bath.



APTAIN M'GREGOR felt hipped.

It is not often that Captain M'Gregor is hipped; but when he is, his diaphragm makes a Highland foray on his liver, and there is a sad and serious Gael in Captain M'Gregor's breeks.

On this particular Sunday morning, Captain M'Gregor's tumbler of whushkey stood untasted by his elbow; his empty pipe reposed cold and uninspired in its morocco case. His prodigious labors at the billiard-table, combined with an exhaustive cold, had told upon him. And he felt bad.

While in this condition, he suddenly be-thought himself of a long-standing invitation which he had had from his old friend, Dr. Ryan, to make a trial of his Russian Baths, which had been warmly recommended as a vigorous pick-me-up.

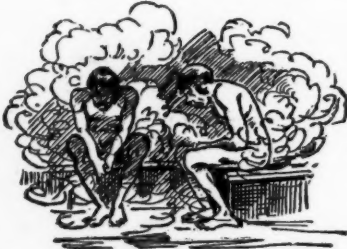
"Aweel, aweel, a'll take a Rooshan bath," said the noble Captain, stretching his manly limbs; "noo a' mind me, a' hanna washit sin a' went down to Portobello in the year '73—or—am a' wrong? was't na '63?"

Leaving it to posterity to solve this important question, Captain M'Gregor made his toilet for the street. It was a simple process, consisting merely of an airy movement of his brawny fingers through the warm-hued locks, whose luxuriance had suffered some slight abatement at the hand of jealous time.

This done, it was not ten minutes ere Captain M'Gregor found himself at No. 18 Lafayette Place, where his friend, the real and original Day and Night Commander of the Bath, hangs out, and administers Turkish Delight to the million by means of the Russian Bath. Need it be said that the illustrious visitor was received with enthusiasm? Had Ulysses himself, fresh from roaming hungry-hearted round the globe, dropped in, he could not have created a greater sensation. After spending a brief time in the gorgeously furnished reception-room, Captain M'Gregor resigned himself to the guidance of



They did not look exactly comfortable, the aforesaid spirits; but like the boy who was



spanked, they were perhaps able to console themselves with the reflection that it was all for their good.

"Hoot, mon," said the Captain to himself, "wull there be much of Sandy M'Gregor left whan yon bilin' feenished?"



Cheered, however, by the sight of a ponderous gentleman of the Mosaic dispensation, who was removing his linen with the cheerful air of a man who has nothing to fear and much to hope, Captain M'Gregor resigned him-

self to his fate, and, following Mr. Albert Weber, the renowned artist in pianos, whose presence gave a tone to the Ryan establishment, found himself very shortly in an atmosphere somewhat warmer than he had just left. In short, he was in what may be called the Tepid room, though why Tepid when the thermometer registers 105, the Captain could not say. Clothed in his blandest smile and nothing else to speak of, he stood like Patience



on a monument, while an attendant played on him with all the grace and skill of a member of the N. Y. Fire Department, consoling himself for the strange rigors of his treatment by contemplating a well known Doctor of Divinity, a regular habitué of the

Baths, who was placidly rising and falling, borne on the bosom of a vertical touche, like the silver-ball in a fountain jet, smiling sweetly as one who Deems himself sure of heavenly bliss—a Christian edition of Mahomet's paradise.



But before long the Doctor of Divinity was shut out from the Captain's eyes by a cloud of steam, under which genial influence the warrior felt his internal wretchedness gradually oozing out of him.



Having now become "sorter" of acclimatized, the distinguished visitor was next conducted through admiring crowds to the scrub-

bing room, where he was generally and particularly rubbed down and up and up and down,



(Samuel Carpenter, the Pennsylvania R. R. Fiend.) and round about, 'until his polished limbs

glowed and shone like burnished brass. Then followed a cold douche and another scrub, after which he passed into the *sanctum sanctorum*, the Vapor room, through the thick hot steam



(Yuengling as an Enemy of Hydrophobia.)

of which the white forms of the bathers could be discerned dim and ghostlike as Acherontic shades.

Then, after an incidental deluge, Captain M'Gregor passed into the dripping room, where his equanimity was for the first time seriously disturbed. "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled!" yelled the Captain, "be-waur me wrath gin A' get ma twa fisties loose—A'll rend ye leemb from leemb! Wad ye roob a' the skin off a mon?"



But five minutes after, stretched out at full length, and softly sham-pooed, the valiant son of Mars forgot his anger, as he felt a luscious sense of cleanly calm steal over all his being. Renewed vitality as of the



Elixir of Life thrilled through his veins; and as he sipped his café noir and smoked his modest cigarette he felt like a god on Olympus. Owing to circumstances into which it is unnecessary to enter, he did not trouble either the barber or the chiropodist, though both were in attendance, and evi-



dently well patronized. And finally, having rehabilitated himself, Captain M'Gregor reëntered the reception

room and once more revelled in the luxury of a delicious and final lounge, to the accompaniment of another cigarette and a café noir. And then, erect and joyful, the Scottish chieftain departed from Dr. Ryan's halls of bliss, marking:

"Noo A'm a mon agin. A'm like Achelles dippit in the Styx, savin' A've ne'er a dom'd sore spot on ma heel. Whoop, laddies, what a dee we're havin'!"







## Puck's Exchanges.

## THE WHAT-IS-IT.

[A PARODY.]

I.

I AM at home in forest wild,  
I rove untouched by wary hands;  
And all because I draw it mild  
From my secretive glands.

II.

On mossy bank, on leafy glade,  
I sleep secure from hunter's trap;  
The boldest sportsman is afraid  
To break my cosy nap.

III.

I breathe the air of flowery vale—  
(I hope no one will dare assume  
There's slightest 'semblance in this tale  
To R. K. M.'s "Perfume.")

IV.

I'm never sent for, as 'tis said  
My sent is hardly apropos—  
In fact, unfit to dress the head  
Of either belle or beau.

V.

Those who might touch my body sleek,  
Would soon in agony retire,  
And scour their clothes for many a week,  
So "loud" do I perspire.

VI.

I'd like to give my maiden name  
And family history; but that  
Is needless, for though lawful game,  
I'm not—a cat!

—Erratique in N. Y. News.

It's a poor mule that can't kick both ways.  
—N. Y. Express.

THE Imperial Prince will henceforth be  
called Zuluis Napoleon. —Phila Bulletin.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is writing a naughty  
biography of himself. —Toronto Gossip.

THE bigger the saloon, the more the owner  
may boast about his 'ample room. —Ottawa  
(Kan.) Republican.

A MAN'S curiosity never reaches the female  
standard until some one tells him his name was  
in yesterday's paper. —N. Y. Star.

It is whispered around that Doctress Mary  
Walker wears hat-rack hooks where her sus-  
pender-buttons ought to be. —Wheeling Leader.

It is strange that hungry people will fight to  
break a will when the will itself is so hungry  
that it has to have lots of provisions. —Boston  
Post.

THERE is very little difference between a man  
who sees a ghost and one who swallows a bad  
oyster, so far as looks are concerned. —Buffalo  
Every Saturday.

PEDESTRIAN item: A Boston fellow has  
kissed his girl 450 times in two hours and one  
lap, and claims the belt—and all there is in it.  
Syracuse Standard.

A CONTEMPORARY prints an article headed,  
"Henry Clay on a Pair of Socks"—which is  
no more remarkable than a pair of socks on  
Henry Clay. Almost any tramp can show clay  
on a pair of socks—provided he can show the  
socks. —Norristown Herald.

## A CRITIC'S COMPLAINT.

We met the other morning, and I told him to  
his face

That his verses were pervaded by a harmony  
and grace

That made them quite refreshing, and I told  
him I was sure

That his patronymic musical would evermore  
endure.

I praised his Byron collar, and his melancholy  
smile,

And I vowed he looked romantic in his vene-  
rable tile;

I told him, as I quoted from his literary sweets,  
That he looked as meditative as the late-  
lamented Keats.

In ecstasy I murmured that the world would  
e'er applaud

His pathetic little poem to his cousin Lady  
Maud;

And I furthermore assured him that his alle-  
gory, "Pet,"

In beauty quite reminded me of Gareth and  
Lynette.

I told him—yes, I told him—I told him all his  
lines

Were as rich with thought and fancy as Nevada  
is with mines;

I swore his jingles set my mind, like glasses, all  
a-clink,

And he never even whispered, will you come  
and take a drink. —N. Y. Star.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us never to be in a hurry  
—except when catching a flea. In that case  
you have to be in a hurry because the flea  
usually is. —San Francisco Wasp.

THE "Midsummer Night's Dream" will  
doubtless prove the most enduring of Shak-  
spere's plays, since it's the only one that has  
any "Bottom" to it. —Yonkers Gazette.

ONE of the greatest feats of woman's endur-  
ance is when the female with a diamond ring  
wipes her mouth 3,000 times in 3,000 quarter  
hours without complaining of the least fatigue.  
—Phila. Kronicle-Herald.

A BUFFALO minister has been preaching upon  
"The People We Kick." This can be settled  
easily; they always kick a man who can't kick  
back. That is why they never kick a Rochester  
man. —Rochester Express.

NO FIRST-CLASS reporter will ever forget to  
add at the end of an unsuccessful burglary item  
that the fellows overlooked a box containing  
one thousand dollars in cash. This always  
makes the burglars mad enough to shoot them-  
selves. —Detroit Free Press.

IN consequence of the threatened trouble  
in Alaska, the United States Army is being  
rapidly put on a war footing. Two more soldiers  
have reported for duty at San Francisco, and  
a man in the hospital with a sore leg will be  
ready for business in less than a fortnight.  
—Waterloo Observer.

SCENE, a South End Horse-car. Enter an  
elaborately-dressed lady, diamond solitaires,  
eight-button kids, etc. Car crowded. At first  
no one moves. Soon a gentleman offers his  
seat. "Thank you; you are the only gentle-  
man here. The rest is hogs." Fact—Boston  
Transcript.

THE daisy blows  
Within the close  
Beside its sister-in-law, the rose,  
And butterflies  
Of various dyes  
Are fluttering under soft blue skies,  
While lilies wake  
Upon the lake,  
Alas! alas! the buckwheat cake.  
—N. Y. Star.

He strolled into the conservatory where she  
was clipping a rosebud and a few little sprigs  
to adorn his buttonhole. "O Charles! isn't  
that a lovely rose! Just admire its beautiful  
color," said she. "And am I not admiring its  
beautiful color?" and as his arm quietly crept  
around her waist there was just the rosiest hue  
flushed across her cheek, and—well, you would  
have been next to ecstasy if you had been a  
looker-on. —New Haven Register.

A WELL-KNOWN merchant of San Francisco  
started out the other morning for the purpose  
of attending the wicked and sacrilegious "Pas-  
sion Play." In vain his good wife endeavored  
to dissuade him from his purpose and solemnly  
warned him that if he persisted the judgment  
of heaven would certainly overtake him. With  
a rude reply the scoffer hastened away and  
soon was numbered among the giddy, heedless  
throng at the play-house. When the irreverent  
scene was at an end he joined some equally  
hardened friends and went to one of those  
gilded palaces of sin called a billiard hall.  
Thus it is that one false step leads to another.  
The next morning the merchant was found in  
a semi-paralyzed condition upon his front steps,  
his hat crushed, his clothes muddled and mur-  
muring half intelligible words, a condition from  
which he recovered only after hours of harrow-  
ing anxiety had been passed by his agonized  
family. The merchant himself could not ac-  
count for his condition, and agreed with the  
rest it must have been the result of some ter-  
rible visitation of an outraged Providence. This  
is a warning the young cannot lay to heart too  
deeply. —San Francisco Post.

NEVER look a gift gun in the muzzle.—  
Hackensack Republican. It should be honored  
in the breach. —New Haven Register.

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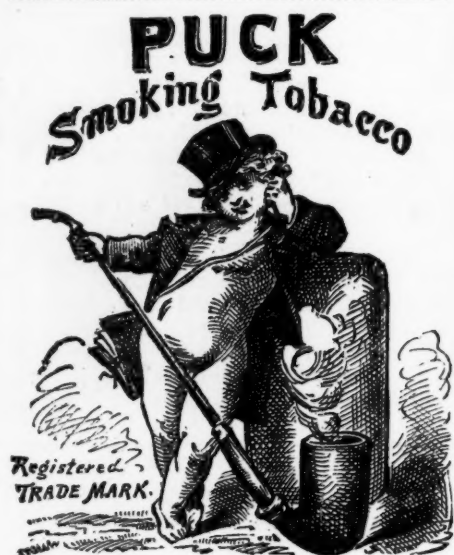
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Umbrellas and Parasols  
to Order and Repaired.

CAMES in every style—a large assortment.  
36 FULTON ST., near Pearl.  
104 BROADWAY, near Wall.  
1188 BROADWAY, near 29th st.  
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ESTABLISHED A. D. 1802.

## C. PFAFF'S RESTAURANT,

9 W. 24th St., near Broadway, N. Y.

Breakfast from 7 A. M. to 1 P. M. 50 cents.—Table d'hôte from  
6-8 P. M. \$1.00, incl. ½ bottle wine.

Meals at all hours. Furnished rooms to let.

## PATENT COVERS FOR FILING "PUCK"

Price \$1.00.

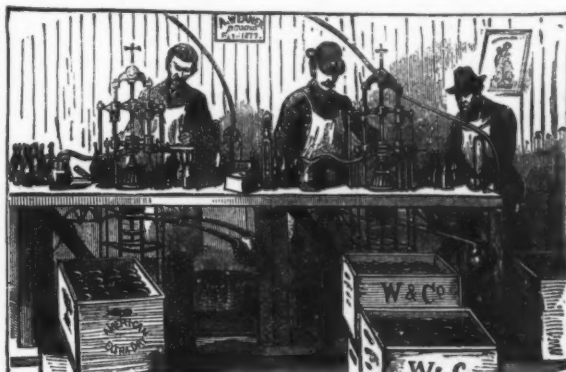
FOR SALE AT THE "PUCK"  
OFFICE,  
13 North William St.

## BACK NUMBERS OF "PUCK"

Can be Supplied on Demand.

ADDRESS:  
**Willmer & Rogers**  
NEWS COMPANY,  
31 Beekman St., New York.

Bottling "America Extra Dry."  
A. WERNER & CO., 308 Broadway.



"America" Extra Dry Champagne,  
per Case, 12 Quarts, \$7; per Case, 24 Pints, \$8.

"PIPER-HEIDSIECK" PIPER "SEC"



"PIPER-HEIDSIECK." We guarantee this medium  
dry wine to be superior in quality to any other CHAMPAGNE  
without regard to cost.

PIPER "SEC" is more adapted to the German and Eng-  
lish taste; is without bitterness and acidity, and dryer than  
any wine imported. It leaves the most delicious after-taste on  
the palate.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA,  
**JOHN OSBORN, SON & CO.,**  
FOUNDED IN 1836,  
45 Beaver Street, N. Y.,  
And 44 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.

THE PUREST CHAMPAGNE



**L. DE VENOGÉ,**

41 South William Street, New York.

GENERAL AGENT.

For Sale by all the Principal Wine  
Merchants and Grocers.

## HAMANN & KOCH.

Red No. 9 Maiden Lane.

IMPORTERS OF PARIS CLOCKS.

DEALERS IN AMERICAN AND SWISS WATCHES,  
AND ALL KINDS OF JEWELRY.  
Remember the Red 9.

## NICOLL, the Tailor,

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PANTS to order .....\$3.00 to \$10.00  
SUITS to order .....\$12.00 to \$40.00  
OVERCOATS to order.....\$12.00 upward

**L.S.L.**

A Splendid Opportunity To Win A Fortune.  
FOURTH GRAND DISTRIBUTION, CLASS D,  
At New Orleans, Tuesday, APRIL 8th, 1879, - 107th  
Monthly Drawing.

## Louisiana State Lottery Co.

This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of  
the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1868, for  
the term of Twenty-five Years, to which contract the  
inviolable faith of the State is pledged with a capital of \$1,000,000,  
to which it has since added a reserve fund of \$350,000. Its GRAND  
SINGLE NUMBER DISTRIBUTION will take place monthly on the  
second Tuesday. IT NEVER SCALES OR POSTPONES. Look at the  
following Distribution:

**Capital Prize, \$30,000.**

100,000 Tickets At Two Dollars Each.

Half-Tickets, One Dollar.

### LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Capital Prize .....	\$30,000
1 Capital Prize .....	10,000
1 Capital Prize .....	5,000
2 Prizes of \$2,500 .....	5,000
5 Prizes of 1,000 .....	5,000
20 Prizes of 500 .....	10,000
100 Prizes of 100 .....	10,000
200 Prizes of 50 .....	10,000
500 Prizes of 20 .....	10,000
1000 Prizes of 10 .....	10,000

### APPROXIMATION PRIZES:

9 Approximation Prizes of \$300 .....	\$2,700
9 Approximation Prizes of 200 .....	1,800
9 Approximation Prizes of 100 .....	900

1857 Prizes, amounting to....\$110,400  
Responsible corresponding agents wanted at all prominent  
points, to whom a liberal compensation will be paid.

Application for rates to clubs should only be made to the Home  
Office in New Orleans.

Write, clearly stating full address, for further information, or  
send orders to

**M. A. DAUPHIN,**  
P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, Louisiana,  
or to **H. L. Plum, 319 Broadway, New York.**

All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision  
and management of GENERALS G. T. BEAUREGARD AND  
JUBAL A. EARLY.

**\$1,000,000**

**CAPITAL PRIZE,**

{Draws APRIL 8th, in

**ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.**

722 Prizes amounting to \$2,250,000.

Tickets: \$5., \$10., \$20., \$25., \$50., \$100., \$200.

**KENTUCKY STATE, Extra Drawing, March 26th.**  
First Prize: \$30,000. Tickets: \$2.; Halves, \$1.

**LOUISIANA STATE, April 8th.**  
First Prize: \$30,000. Tickets: \$2.; Halves, \$1.

Orders carefully and promptly filled.

**KEPPICH & CO., Bankers,**  
No. 102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.  
In writing please mention this paper.

## ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY

Grand Extraordinary Drawing,

TO TAKE PLACE ON

**TUESDAY, APRIL 8th, 1879.**

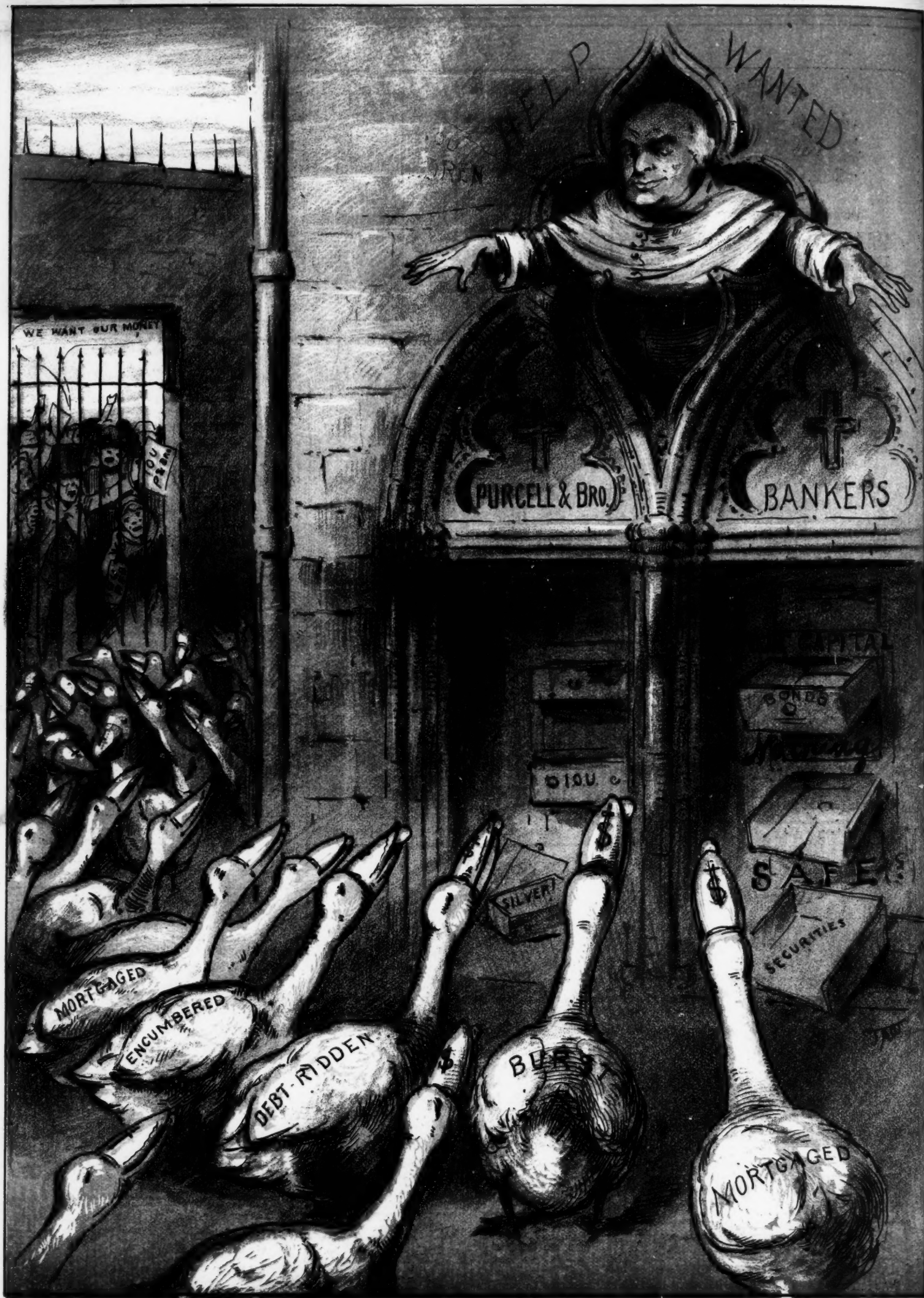
\$2,250,000 DISTRIBUTED.

Capital Prize: One Million Dollars!!

Whole Tickets, \$200.; Halves, \$100.;  
Quarters, \$50.; Fifths, \$40.;  
Tenths, \$20.; Twentieths, \$10.; Fortieths, \$5.

For particulars address:

**C. VIADERO & CO., Bankers,**  
No. 1 New Street, Basement, New York.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF; AND THE GEESE AGAIN SAVE "ROME"—  
(REGARDLESS OF ALL CONSEQUENCES TO THEIR FLOCKS.)